

The right type of man will start a grove of fig trees in a desert.

Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page

Hesitation is the silent partner of failure. Many a cause has been lost by a pause.

Every Pessimist Needs an Oculist

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Cheer—don't jeer—the man thinks that he can win—help him to try.

Those who can't conceive for themselves must believe in others.

Of course you don't consider it possible—but your own sterile career confesses that you are unfit to pass judgment.

You are incapable of originality, so you are incompetent to value it.

Little men always oppose what they can't suppose. They never stand for things they don't understand.

The history of human achievement is a record of bitter battles with the forces of General Doubt.

Progress is an eternal struggle between wheels and brakes.

In each generation, an eager few insist upon moving ahead and a pin-headed majority persist in holding them back.

Your sort never invented an electric light or schemed out an automobile or saw orange groves hiding under desert sands or kept a business from going to pot.

Your mind doesn't work that way—it's a blockading intellect—a derailing brain constantly seeking to throw enterprise off the track.

You're one of the bigoted asses who won't look beyond yesterday. Your future is embalmed in the past; precedent is your sole guide-book.

You're a numskull or a coward—without courage or convictions—minus imagination or aggressiveness—probably both.

You call yourself a conservative—"safe and sane"—but you're insane—sub-normal.

Your development has been arrested—you didn't reach full growth.

You don't realize that we abolished discouragement when we dispensed with tallow dips; both belong to darker ages.

Get a new light on affairs. What further proof do you demand of our power to do anything to which we devote our hearts and strengths and wills?

Your very home indicts you of stupidity—its telephone, its gas range, its heating equipment, are examples of the worthwhileness of seeking to better conditions.

The very street cars that pass your door, the sewer pipes under the pavement, attest the foresight of a handful of optimists who in their day, met with the same rebuffs that you offer constructive effort in your time.

Confidence, not discouragement did it all—confidence does everything.

Civilization itself is evidence of confidence undaunted by fool opinions.

You're a confidence weevil—a miserable little insect persistently attacking hopeful undertakings in the inception—a pest depredating the world's idea crop.

Pessimism is nothing less than conceit.

Folks who have no faith in others are simply too vain to accept any possibility for which they do not deem themselves efficient.

You reject as unfeasible whatever you can't personally comprehend.

A pint cup spills half the quart that's poured into it; it can't hold more than its capacity—nor can you measure notions bigger than your nature.

The mole is certain that there are neither sun nor stars—that's because he's blind.

Some knowledge is impossible without vision.

Every pessimist needs an oculist.

Patriotism at the Polls

EVERY district deserves its Congressman. Whenever an incompetent has been delegated to represent his fellows, more capable men are either profiting through his weakness or are too intent on their private advantages "to waste time on outside affairs."

If a community is ignorant of its best interests, it is only because those who know better are lazy, or too selfish to alter conditions.

Therefore, a misfit legislator typifies the territory from which he is elected and his constituents must share his opprobrium.

Every voice is equal in a Republic. One man's vote is as powerful as another's; and because this is so, America can never be greater than its judgment at the polls.

A carelessly cast ballot is civic treason. Bad citizens menace a country as much as foreign foes. Nations die at the heart, not in the trenches.

It is just as important to extend the power of America in times of peace as to defend it in hours of peril. Congress makes the laws, but we make Congress; a product never excels the capacity of the machine.

We have no occasion to fear for to-morrow if we fulfil our responsibilities to-day. When we begin to fail in ourselves we have half fought the invader's battle for him.

Armies, fleets and forts cannot protect the state that does not respect itself.

Masks Off!

THE craven betrays craven sires,
The blood of the coward will out;
The summons to arms wakes proud fires,
Bedimmed in the veins of the lout.
Peace peddles her honors to bag-men;
But titles cannot change the plan
On which God made lenders and rag-men;
War reads not the crest, but the man.

Ancestry alone is a measure
For lickspittle, snob, cad and fool;
God pity the weaklings who treasure
The inches of so short a rule!
What you're born doesn't count for a tittle,
Distinction by birth is a lie.
And we know not the great from the little
Until we behold how they die.

One Leg Is Enough

A NEW YORK specialist says that too much thinking is breaking down the arches of our feet—that we're developing brain at the expense of bone structure.

The new dentists point to extraordinary rheumatism cures through a little tooth manipulation.

One expert of note is sure that some folks become intoxicated on a meat diet and regularly indulge in beef steak jags.

Any number of people are doing business at the old stand with half their former kidney and lung equipment and countless howling swells have found life easier because of the gold and silver additions to their internal plumbing.

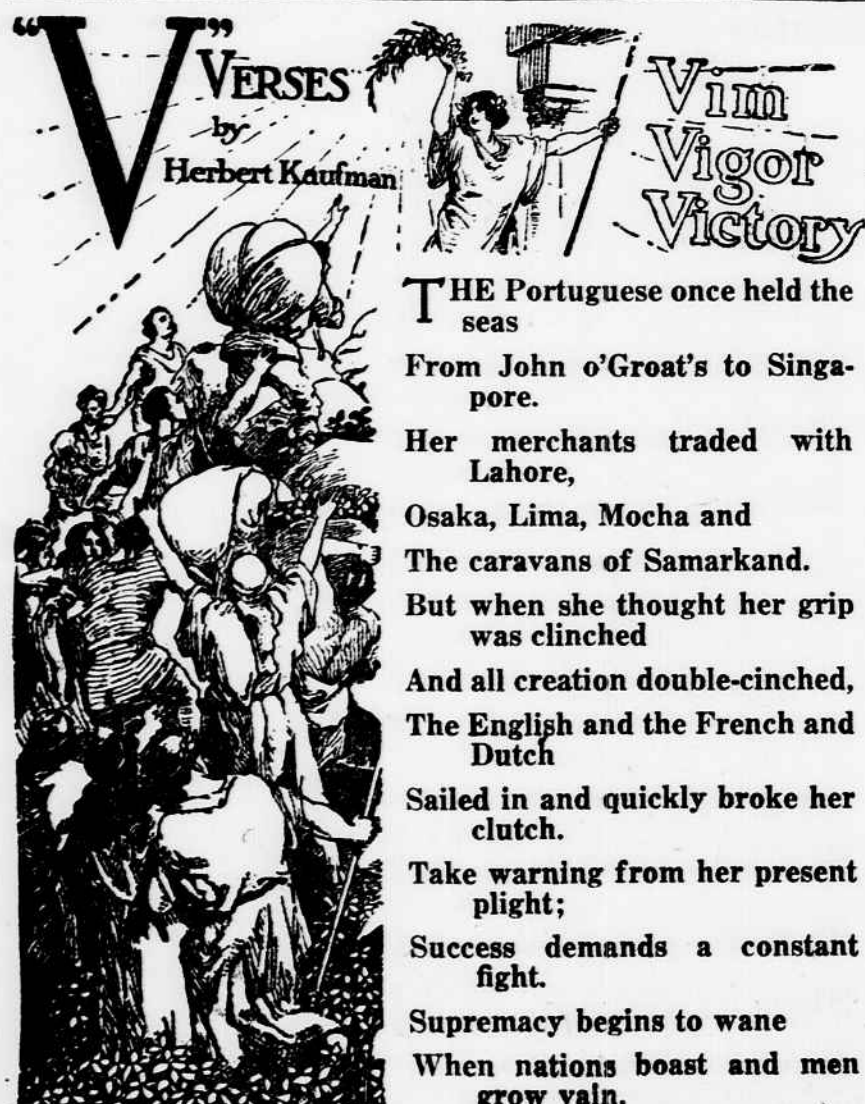
It appears as though we don't know very much about the human machine. It's the oldest subject with which we are acquainted and the one with which we seem to be most ignorant. And now (Peg) Oswelt lifts the voice from Alliance, Ohio, to proclaim that one leg, more or less, doesn't count. He skates, plays baseball, football and basketball—and without the assistance of an artificial limb or the help of a crutch.

A few years ago the surgeons sawed him off at the hip, but he pieced it out with will, distributed his ambitions and determinations through his remaining anatomy and turned the rest of himself into such a good athlete that he qualified for his college team.

Now you loafing, lagging quitters, offer an excuse for inability to make good at your game. If you're complete and can't compete, it's because you haven't tried. We used to think that there were individuals incapable of getting along but Helen Keller changed our opinion and ever since then indomitable souls kept calling our attention to their victories over horrible circumstances, until now we are sure that failure is a weakling's attitude of mind.

Oswelt insists that one leg is quite enough (if you know how to use it) and there's the whole philosophy of accomplishment in a sentence.

You can't help people who won't help themselves—some men couldn't win a race with a centipede's legs.



A Lean Year for Foreign Missions

WE have no money for foreign missions this year. The salvage of heathen souls cannot interest a civilization struggling to do God's work among the starving bodies of Europe.

There are homeless multitudes in Belgium and Serbia and Poland whose plight deafens our purses to the spiritual peril of the black brethren.

Send your money for the rescue of lives—pay your tithe for the feeding of babies and the clothing of women and helpless old folk in the blighted Kingdoms of Grief.

We have neither resources nor time to dissipate on evangelists who count a Hottentot chief higher than an outcast child. Philanthropy is bankrupt before the appalling woe and desolation across the Atlantic. To send one dollar into the wilds during this frightful hour of white man's need is maudlin sentimentality and any missionary of any church who would deny the bereft and famine-pressed over yonder, to finance a gospel in the jungle, is no true servant of the Master.

Superstition Creates "Bad Luck"

CALAMITY has no pet days nor favorite dates. Accidents are bound to happen in the best regulated of calendars. Chance doesn't follow a schedule.

There's a definite and logical cause behind every happening. Superstition is unintelligent. The man who fears Friday can't expect to accomplish as much in life as those who face every day in the week with enthusiasm and hope.

You produce bad luck by credulity in it.